

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE; BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH!"

SHAKESPEARE.

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## THE REFLECTOR.

## MISCELLANY.

### PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

The consolations of Religion are calculated to give the highest enjoyment in the earliest and the latest years of life. And although some may fancy it chills the fervor of youth, by lessening the pleasures of innocent hilarity, they grossly miscalculate. Religion furnishes all the delight known in this world, for without its sustaining aid, the oppressed heart would break. Then each one who wishes to live happily, must live religiously; for it is impossible to be happy without Religion, and most ungenerous calumny on piety to suppose it renders men gloomy and despondent. By such groundless insinuations many have been induced to believe holiness fit only for the melancholy of old age, or the hour of sickness and death. Indeed, so appalling has been the representation, that no young and feeling soul could possibly delight in its possession. But when the unfailing comforts of vital goodness are impartially drawn, the youthful heart beats with transports to enter into the enjoyment, and to give scope to the highest capacities of his nature. He perceives that every other pursuit tends to degrade the powers of the understanding, and to bury his mind in the dust, and that their pretended pleasures are but disguised miseries. For these plain reasons, Religion has always been disgusting to the young and the feeling, and will so remain, unless it can be represented in its true light. If its professed teachers perform it by description and disgrace it by practice, none but the abandoned will be disposed to embrace so demoralizing a system.

### BENEVOLENCE.

"Wide as the sun his bright dominion spreads,  
Heaven-born Benevolence her bounty sheds,  
The meek-eyed goddess, quits th' angelic sphero  
To banish grief, and dry the human tear."

BENEVOLENCE is a virtue, the most amiable in its nature, and beneficial in its effects. It sheds diffusive lustre, wherever it is exercised. Its cheering influence enlivens the gloomy habitation of sorrow, makes gladsome the way of the afflicted, relieves the sorrow of the unfortunate, wipes the big swollen tear from the borrowed cheek of grief, and administers a healing balm to the wound of the distressed.

The motives for it are visible in every part of life. Mortality and imperfection are inscribed on every object around us. Even man, the first in the order of created beings, is frail and unstable. The best of his race are liable to be led astray, and the wisest are not unfrequently in an error. Objects of charity present themselves on all sides, and every day affords us occasion to exercise our candor and benevolence.

The Deity himself, in our creation, and the circumstances in which he has here placed us, has evidently indicated that man was formed for the exercise of all the social affections. He has made us mutually dependent, and ever exposed to want and misfortune. He has so intimately blended our duty and interest, that while performing the one, we directly subserve the other. More than this, He has given us a glorious example of Benevolence, in creating us rational agents; in endowing us with intellectual faculties, which constitute the dignity of our nature; in affording us so many fountains of pleasure; but above all, by implanting within us sympathetic feelings, from the exercise of which, we derive the most noble and voluptuous enjoyment.

Benevolence, at the same time it tends to individual happiness, promotes the common good. Were all men actuated by a spirit of philanthropy, there would be an end to broils and dissensions. Instead of wars, factions, and disturbances in communities, we should see mankind united as brethren, and mutually reciprocating good offices. All motives of self-interest would be absorbed in the more generous desires of increasing the general welfare. Peace would extend her "olive wand," and under her mild reign, the great family of man would enjoy security and happiness.

No longer would the poor cry for bread in the streets. The unfortunate widow, in the day of her affliction, would no longer be destitute of helper, and the mild voice of charity would become responsive to the plaintive wail of the orphan. Reason would usurp the place of passion; and man no longer seeking revenge in his neighbor's sufferings, would bury all wrongs in oblivion, and forgive even the seventy-seventh offence.

Not only should benevolence be employed in relieving the misfortunes of others, but in forming an opinion of their actions and characters. Too liable are we, in our judgments of persons, to be swayed by prejudice, or partiality. Too often is it the case, that the innocent suffer by rash and inconsiderate determination.

When we consider the fruitless of our natures, and how cautious we ought to be of injuring another's good reputation, we shall find it more for our mutual convenience, to forgive, than to censure; and instead of depreciating another's merit, to draw the mantle of charity over the imperfections of a brother.

Some write for money, and some write for rage;  
I write a Couplet just to fill a page.

### FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

### LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Killarney, 7th July, 1825.

My last letter was dated at Cork on the 4th instant, and forwarded by the ship Cambridge. On the morning of the 5th, at 8 o'clock, we took the stage-coach for this place, for the purpose of taking a view of the mountain scenery, which is so celebrated on this side of the Atlantic, and the fame of which has reached the shores of our own country. The distance between Cork and Killarney is about forty-five Irish miles, which the mail-coach travels at the rate of five miles the hour, arriving here in season for dinner. Our pace was tardy, compared with the rapidity of an American stage. The vehicle was, however, in all respects comfortable. There were six passengers in the inside, with about as many more on the top, together with the guard and baggage. Sixteen persons are frequently carried by these coaches. The fare is comparatively cheap. A passenger on deck pays about half as much as one below, although in pleasant weather the former is preferred, especially by strangers, who are anxious to see the country.

Our party in the inside was extremely pleasant. It consisted of a respectable and agreeable young gentleman living at Beaufort, a large country-seat near this place, who had just taken his degree from the University at Dublin, and was returning to his paternal estate, with a young and accomplished wife, who is share with him the pleasures of his rural retirement on the borders of the romantic Lake. They are in all respects an interesting couple, intelligent, literary, and affable. He is destined for the church, and will soon take orders. With them was a maiden lady of respectability, polished in her manners and conversation. She had in charge two beautiful ring-doves, that would "turn up their bright eyes and peck," taking their food and drink from the hand, and forming a pretty emblem of the young pair whose nuptials had but a few days before been celebrated. The remaining person in our party, was a bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked girl, with a musical voice and the full brogue of Ireland. Many inquiries were made about our respective countries, and the ride was far from being tedious.

The road from Cork to Killarney is not very interesting. For a considerable distance on this side of the former, the fields continue in the high state of cultivation visible in the environs of the city. Handsome country-seats and farm-houses border the way-side. The peasantry were busily employed in their fields in mowing and raking, and the aspect of the country, clothed with a deep verdure, and fragrant with "new-mown hay," was cheerful in comparison with the confined walls of the city. It is, however, destitute of trees and shrubbery, and the bare hills, although in many places fertile, are too uniform to be grateful to the eye, seldom presenting those rich landscapes every where to be found in the United States. All along the road, the same squat appearance of the lower classes was observable, that was mentioned in my last; though not perhaps so great a degree. The stage-coach was thronged with mendicants, not only when it stopped at the Inns, but while it was under way; and little ragged boys would follow us for miles, in the manner of the papooses at the Indian settlements at New-York, to pick up the half-pence thrown to them by passengers.

At less than half way from Cork to this place commences a rough and sterile region, with extensive bogs along the road, wild, desolate, and dreary. In several of these morasses, the poor tenants were at work, in cutting peat, which is the principal fuel of the country. It is taken up in cakes of the size of tile, and arranged in small piles to dry. The process of digging it has lately been greatly improved, and is much less laborious than it used to be. It is frequently transported to great distances, and afforded at cheap rates, in these bogs and hills along the road, the White Boys a few years since were wont to collect in great numbers, and sometimes attack the mail-coach. A passenger was murdered in one instance, and the mail plundered. The country is now tranquil, and travelling safe.

There are some antiquities and curiosities on the road; but at these the coach enabled us only to take a glance. Four miles on this side of Cork, is the castle of Ballincollig, once owned by the Barretts, and celebrated in the wars of the Commonwealth, and of James the Second. The last of the intrustuous family has long since descended to the tomb of the Capulets, and the place is now a ruin. Opposite this castle is an extensive barrack, with powder mills on the head waters of the Lee. In the vicinity are also the ruins of the castle and abbey of Kilcrea, celebrated as a cemetery. At Ovens is a remarkable cavern, which is said to extend nearly to Cork. Macroom, Mill Street, and other places on the road are dirty villages, apparently filled with a miserable population. We were glad to escape from them, and the crowd that beset us, as soon as possible. The language of the vagrants are wholly unintelligible, but accompanied with all sorts of gesticulations, and in tones the most impudent.

Some miles from Killarney, on the left side of the road the high hills of Kerry begin to meet the eye, and peak after peak rises to view, till you reach this place. The ranges continue still farther, until they reach the Atlantic Ocean, which is visible from the summits near the Lakes. Kerry is the most mountainous part of Ireland, and the whole aspect of the country is rugged, not unlike the shores of Lake George. The approach to Killarney is not unpleasant, several ruins, groves, parks, pleasure grounds, and occasionally glimpses of the Lake being seen from the road. We passed a modern castle lately built by Mr. Colesman of London, formerly of Lisbon, at an expense of 20,000 dollars. It stands in a commanding situation, but exhibits little taste—There being no trees about it, and it having no associations to impart an interest. On the opposite side of the way is a charming grove of oak, with a park belonging to Lord Kenmare, one of the great men in this vicinity.

We arrived at Killarney at 5 o'clock. The town containing a population of 8,000, is badly built at the distance of a mile from the Lake, with the fronts of the houses all turned from the beautiful scenery. It presents nothing worthy of particular notice. The hotels are not very good, and inconvenient to the objects of the visitor. They have been a subject of complaint for many years, and are not likely soon to be remedied, though they form a heavy drawback upon the pleasures of strangers. There appears to be a want of enterprise, with a determination, notwithstanding, to make money.

After dining and entering our names in the Album (where we found those of several of our countrymen, some of them from New-York,) we procured a guide,

and made an excursion to the Lake on foot. Our course was directed through the extensive grounds of Lord Kenmare, whose fields and walks are charming, but whose mansion is in bad taste, wholly unworthy of the scenery around him. From an eminence in the midst of his demesne, we took the first view of the famous Lake of Killarney, with the numerous hills with which it is bordered, and the hundred green Islands studding its waters. An English tourist from Bristol, who had seen most of the Lakes in his own country, as well as in other parts of Europe, was in company. We were all disappointed at the first view, the expanse of water being small, and broken up as it is by small Islands. A marshy and weedy margin, which borders its eastern shore, also detracts greatly from its beauty. The mountain scenery, illuminated as some of the peaks were with the declining sun, while others were enveloped in clouds, struck us very favorably. It is proper to remark in this place, that our examinations in detail have corrected the first impression, and satisfied us, that Killarney deserves the celebrity it has acquired, though not the extravagant and high-wrought panegyrics of Weld and some other tourists.

From this point, the most prominent objects which arrest the attention, are the mountains of Mangerton, Turk, Eagle's Nest, Tomies, McGilly-Cuddy's Reeks, and others, which rise in succession along the southern shore of the lake, or rather between the upper and lower lake. The last mentioned of these hills which is the highest in Ireland, is about 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. As its location is near the Atlantic, and in a climate remarkable for its degree of moisture, its top is almost perpetually girt with clouds, as are also the summits of the others. We have been here two fair days, without seeing the apex of one or two of them. Among these hills, the lake are embosomed, being three in number, the lower, the middle, and the upper, connected by narrow straits, navigable by small boats, and over which at several points bridges are thrown. The whole length of the lakes in the direction they are navigated, is eight or ten miles. In addition to these great natural features, which are bold and strongly marked, so far as it regards the mountains, there are many works of art around the shores of the lake, such as Ross Castle, the grounds of Murcrus Abbey, and the ruins of Agadhoe. Some of the Islands are also picturesque. The largest and most beautiful of them is

O'Donohoe's Ball Room, through which the song of the minstrel, and the voice of merriment once rang. O'Donohoe was an ancient chieftain of Kerry, celebrated for his prowess, his hospitality and popularity among the Irish. You meet his name at every spot on the shores of these lakes. One of the Islands is called O'Donohoe's Prison. He used to confine some of his captives upon it. Another is denominated O'Donohoe's Library; and a curious rock, of a grotesque form is called O'Donohoe's horse-drinking, from the striking similarity, which it bears to such an object. There is a tradition here, that when the storm descends from the mountains and whitens the waves of the lake with foam, O'Donohoe is seen riding upon the waters, still lingering about his favorite abode.

### From Major Long's Expedition.

### STORY OF AMPATO SAPA.

This beautiful spot in the Mississippi, (Falls of St. Anthony,) is not without a tale to hallow its scenery, and heighten the interest which, of itself, it is calculated to produce. To Wazekota, an old Indian, we are indebted for the narration of the following transaction, to which his mother was an eye-witness. An Indian of the Dacato nation had united himself early in life to a youthful female, whose name was Ampato Sapa, which signifies the dark day—with her he lived happily for several years, apparently enjoying every comfort which the savage life can afford. Their union had been blessed with two children, on whom both parents doated with that depth of feeling which is unknown to such as have other treasures besides those that spring from nature. The man had acquired a reputation as a hunter, which drew around him many families, who were happy to place themselves under his protection, and avail themselves of such part of his chase as he needed not for the maintenance of his family. Desirous of strengthening their interest with him, some of them invited him to form a connexion with their family, observing at the same time, that the man of his talent and importance required more than one woman to wait upon the numerous guests whom his reputation would induce to visit his lodge. They assured him that he would soon be acknowledged as a Chief, and that, in this case, a second wife was indispensable.—Proud with the ambition of obtaining high honors, he resolved to increase his importance by an union with the daughter of an influential man of his tribe. He had accordingly taken a second wife, without having ever mentioned the subject to his former companion. Being desirous to introduce his bride into his lodge, in the manner which should be least offensive to the mother of his children, for whom he still retained much regard, he introduced the subject in these words:—"You know," said he, "that I can love no woman so fondly as I doat upon you. With regret, have I seen you, of late, subjected to toils, which must be oppressive to you, and from which I would gladly relieve you, yet I know no other way of doing so, than by associating with you in the household duties one who shall relieve you from the trouble of entertaining the numerous guests, whom my growing importance in the nation collects around me. I have therefore resolved upon taking another

It is now many years since, a widow of about twenty, who had some business at Brussels, stopped for a short time at a hotel in that city. She dined at the *table d'hôte*, and generally spent a part of the evening in the public room. This youthful widow, whose name was Dorval, was precisely that sort of a person whom the men all adore, and the women abuse. The former declared she was the loveliest and most bewitching of creatures; and the latter vowed she had not the smallest claim of beauty. Whatever were her claims, however, one thing is certain, the coldest hearts found her irresistible. Her slight but finely rounded form, though too petite for dignity, was a model of grace. Her features could not boast the cold regularity which, in the critic's eye, constitutes beauty; but the brilliancy of her complexion, the varied expressions of her sparkling eyes, and the bewitching archness of her smile, rendered her a dangerous object to a man of sensibility. She had only been a few days at the hotel, when an English gentleman chanced to dine at the public table. He was struck at the first glance with her charms, and being well acquainted with foreign manners, he thought he might address himself rather freely to a lady whom he found at a table d'hôte. He complimented her—she replied with spirit, but with becoming reserve. The Englishman, whom we shall call Milborne, became every moment more fascinated. Puzzled, however, by the apparent inconsistency in her situation and manners, he asked if she would accompany him to the theatre; she refused in a tone which showed plainly that she considered the proposal an insult. "Very well," cried Milborne, pulling out an elegant snuff-box, "then you shall take a pinch of snuff." "I never take a pinch of snuff, sir," cried the widow, turning up her little nose, with an air of ineffable disdain. "So much the worse, madam; you lose one of the greatest pleasures in life. I have tried all sorts of enjoyments; one thing fatigued, another disgusted me; this pleasure brought repentence, and that satiety. At last I determined to look out for something of which I should not tire. It suddenly struck me that in my fits of vexation and ennui, I had found occasional relief from a pinch of snuff; so I became a snuff-taker five years ago, and from that time to the present I have had no ennui. Come, madam, let me advise you to try my remedy for this distemper, with which we are all visited more or less."

"I have no occasion for it," replied the lady, coldly, "I am not troubled with ennui, and if

were, I should think there are better means of dispelling it." "Name them, Madam, if you please." "Reading, reflection, the offices of benevolence, the pleasure of society." "Ah, Madam, I have tried all that; reading set me to sleep; reflection made my head ache; benevolence I own is pretty well, but one cannot occupy one's self in that way from morning till night; as to the pleasures of society, I have been cheated by one half of my acquaintance and laughed at by the other. I am therefore not very favorably disposed to mankind. So you see, Madam, I have nothing left for it but to amuse myself in this way;" and opening his snuff-box he took a pinch and presented it to her.

"Thoroughly provoked at what she considered unpardonable rudeness, she rose to leave the room. "Nay, Madam," cried Milborne, "you must not go in anger." "I am not angry, Sir," cried the lady, then trying to disengage her hand, which he had taken hold of. "You forgive me, then?" "Yes," replied she, but not in the most placid tone in the world. "Very well, then, to prove that you don't bear malice, take a pinch of snuff."

At these words the widow's patience and temper both forsook her, she burst into tears. Some of the gentlemen present then advanced, and one of them, Compte de S—— asked Milborne in a haughty tone what he meant by insulting the lady. The Englishman immediately took fire: he replied in a tone of defiance which frightened Madam Dorval. She endeavored to stifle the dispute, by protesting she was not offended; but the gentlemen were both too hot-headed to be easily pacified: they disseminated their resentment till the widow had left the room; but as soon as she did, the dispute was renewed. In a few minutes it rose to such a height that a meeting was arranged for the following morning; and thus for no greater cause than a lady's refusal to take a pinch of snuff; two men who were not destitute either of common sense or principle, so far in their anger forgot both, as to be guilty of the folly and impetuosity of risking their own, and seeking each other's life.

Both, perhaps repented when the challenge was given and accepted; but it was then, according to the notions of false honor, so prevalent among mankind, too late.—They retired to their respective apartments. Milborne wrote two or three letters and began to pace his room, deeply engaged in ruminating on the probable event of the approaching meeting.

Suddenly he fancied he smelt fire; he threw open the door of his chamber, and beheld the staircase enveloped in smoke.—His first thoughts were for others; he ran to the different apartments, vociferating 'Fire!' In a few moments every body in the house was alarmed—all hastened to escape—and Milborne, on going down stairs, found a greater part of the inmates assembled in the street before the door of the hotel. It was indeed time, for the flames were bursting out in every direction. The first person whom Milborne saw was his antagonist.—"Heavens!" cried the Englishman, at sight of him, "where is Madam?"—They looked eagerly around, she was not to be seen.

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed the landlord, "she must be lost—see, her chamber is on fire?" "Alas, how quickly!" cried Milborne. "We have none, and if we had it would be of no use, you would perish without being able to save her." "I will try, however," cried Milborne, and breaking from his antagonist, who, shocked at the certain death to which he seemed devoting himself, caught hold of his arm, he rushed back into the flames.

"He will be lost!" exclaimed the bystanders. "No, no!" cried Compte de S——, "Providence will not suffer him to perish"—and he hastened in search of a ladder, which he recollects to have seen in the morning at a little distance from the hotel. He was fortunate enough to find it—in a few moments it was reared against the windows at which Milborne was seen with Madam in his arms.

"God be praised," cried the Englishman frequently, as he descended with his lovely burden whom terror had deprived of her senses. "God be praised!" was echoed by all present, with a feeling of mingled joy and terror, as they saw the floor of the apartment fall with a terrible crash. Milborne had found her lying insensible on her bed—he wrapped her in his arms and saved her from being burnt, but he was himself very much scorched. He delivered her to the care of the women, and it being ascertained that no lives were lost, the Compte hastened to convey her to a new lodging. She was at that moment incapable of speaking, but she begged to be left in the morning. The gentlemen then separated to take some repose, but not before they had shaken hands in atonement.

The next morning, Milborne waited upon the widow. "But my preserver," cried she, starting up as he entered, and clasping both his hands in hers, "what shall I say to you? how can I thank you? how can I ever repay?"—Repay! nonsense, take a pinch of snuff," cried Milborne in a tone of affected gaiety, which ill disguised the emotions the beautiful widow's fervent gratitude had called forth. My readers will believe that at this time she did not refuse.

"Don't you find it excellent indeed," cried Milborne. "Yes, excellent indeed," replied she, when the fit of sneezing it occasioned had subsided. "I thought," said Milborne, in a tone of triumph, "that you could be prevailed upon to taste it; but this is nothing; I have with me samples of all the different kinds of snuff that are used, and some which I have myself introduced, and had compounded under my own direction—you shall try them all."

The widow perhaps, would rather have been excused from giving this proof of her gratitude; but the same mail news was brought that the

division of troops detached by Sucre against the Brazilians, who had invaded Chiquitos, had arrived near Santa Cruz.

When the Brazilian squadron first arrived, it was confidently expected that war would take place immediately. But a correspondence commenced between Admiral Lobos and the Government of Buenos Ayres, in which the Admiral required explanation whether the insurrection of the Banda Oriental had been promoted by a body of men from Buenos Ayres—and respecting the abuse of the Imperial government by the public prints. On the Minister's requiring to see the Admiral's credentials, he acknowledged that he had none, except a letter of instructions. The Minister immediately refused to enter into any diplomatic correspondence with him, as derogatory to his government to give any explanation to a commander of an armed force, appearing in a hostile and threatening attitude—but repelled the charges of the Admiral, observing that the relation between the two governments would appear from the result of the mission which would be sent to Rio Janeiro. The Admiral denied that he appeared in hostility—but intimated his determination to keep his station, to prevent their furnishing supplies to the Patriots of Banda Oriental.

The Indians had recently made another incursion into the province of Buenos Ayres, but had been defeated with considerable loss. Several vessels with emigrants for agricultural and mining purposes, had arrived at Buenos Ayres from England. A company of merchants had applied for a charter and privileges to enlarge the port of Ensenada, to make a navigable canal from thence to the city of Buenos Ayres and to construct a dock.—*N. Y. Statesman.*

**FOREIGN.**

FROM SIERRA LEONE—AFRICA.

Sierra Leone papers to the 2d April, report, that three vessels, under American colors, one the *General Winder*, of Baltimore, were then on the coast trafficking for slaves; the miscreants on board them taking advantage of the absence of the American cruisers from the coast, to violate the laws of God and their country.

Also, that a French cutter, the *Three Sisters*, of Martinico, lately took on board 132 slaves at Sherbar; but when out two days on her return home, the slaves rose and massacred all the crew but the captain and two men, whose lives they spared on condition of working the vessel to the nearest land; which they did, and the slaves were liberated at Sierra Leone. In this small vessel, measuring 48 feet in length, with 7 feet hold, no less than 132 human beings were stowed to be transported across the Atlantic!

#### LATEST FROM BUENOS AIRES AND BRAZIL.

By the ship Panther, which arrived at Providence on Friday, from Buenos Ayres, advises to the latter part of July have been received, which state that the war of the Patriots of the Banda Oriental against the Imperialists, is carried on with success. The forces of the former are stated to be about 3000, and those of the 1300 are kept for the protection of MonteVIDEO. The Patriots are generally stronger in the country, where they gain new advantages daily. By the last accounts received at Buenos Ayres, a detachment of 300 from the corps commanded by the Imperial General Abreu, had been so completely defeated by the Patriots, that only 27 men rejoined the main body.

The arrival of the deputies from the provisional government of Banda Oriental requesting the aid of the government of Buenos Ayres, together with the news that a corps of Brazilians had invaded the Provinces of Chiquitos in Upper Peru, and also the station of the Brazilian squadron in the outer roads of Buenos Ayres, had so inflamed the public mind and the Congress, that (some time previous to the sailing of the Panther,) the latter seemed ready to declare war, even in opposition to the Executive of the United Provinces, vested in the Government of the Province of Buenos Ayres. He gave in his resignation as Executive of the United Provinces, as under the then existing circumstances no longer compatible with the interest of his own Province.

This event, which would have thrown the nation into a State of anarchy, induced the Congress not to admit the resignation, and quieted in a measure, the opposition which had drawn the Executive Government to an account for their inactivity in preparing for war; notwithstanding that the Congress had as yet provided no National means or resources, but that the Province of Buenos Ayres had to provide for every thing. By a recent resolve of the Legislature of the Province, the Government had been authorized to apply to national purposes, \$500,000 out of the provincial treasury, and to supply 1500 men ordered by Congress to be placed on the Uruguay, until the other provinces might furnish their quota. No change in government had consequently taken place except that De Marcos Blacacee had taken the situation of minister of war instead of De La Cruz.

It was generally expected that the government of Buenos Ayres would try to prevent a war with the Imperial Government of Brazil until they could form a junction with General Bolivar, known to be on the road to the Upper Provinces. General Alvar, late Minister to the United States, had left Buenos Ayres early in July, on a mission to him, and by letters dated early in June, it appeared that Gen. Sucre had left Chiquitos on the 31st May, to meet him (Bolivar) near that city; where a Congress of the four Provinces of Peru was also to meet.

A monster, who took his trial a few weeks since, for the murder of his father, underwent the dreadful sentence of the law on the 17th May, at Amiens. The culprit was a young man, not 25 years of age. He was seated in a cart, his back turned to the horse, his hair cut off, his feet bare, and his neck and shoulders also free from clothing, with the exception of a black thick veil that covered him to the waist, as a man unworthy to behold the light of Heaven—

he was supported by two persons. When he had mounted the scaffold, his right hand, which till that moment had been tied behind his back, was loosened; it was placed on a block, and the executioner, striking at the wrist with an axe, missed his aim, and only separated two or three fingers. The wretched culprit screamed with pain and terror; a second blow was struck, and the hand that had deprived a father of life fell mutilated among the crowd. The piercing cries of the multitude were terrific; they did not cease till the ponderous knife, falling upon his neck, left nothing but a headless trunk.—*London paper.*

#### DOMESTIC.

WONDERSTON, Sept. 11.

*Afflictive Providence.*—On the 31st ultimo, the house of Mr. Nathan Jones, of Ashburnham, occupied by himself, and his son Ebenezer Jones, was consumed by fire. It commenced on the roof of the building, a little past noon. The men of the house were absent, and very little property was saved. The elder Mrs. Jones was severely burned, although she remained in the house but a short time after the discovery of the conflagration.

In the afternoon of Sept. 1, Mr. Ebenezer Jones descended the well to obtain a bucket. He placed it on a hook, let down by Mr. Jonathan Wood, who drew it out; but before it was fully withdrawn, Jones was heard to fall into the water. Mr. Wood immediately followed to rescue his friend, and, after having arrived at the foot of the well, was observed to stoop, apparently to raise Mr. Jones; but he immediately fell! A cry of distress soon brought several persons to the place, one of whom was let into the well by a chain secured around the body. He grasped Wood (who yet breathed, but seemed comatose,) but was unable to hold him. He then proposed to his friends above to loose his chain, and fasten it to Wood. At this moment, however, he felt a great dizziness, and an almost irresistible inclination to sleep, and in a faint voice requested to be drawn up. Two others were in like manner let into the well, but neither of them could remain a sufficient time to sustain a rope to either of the deceased.

The side of the well was directly under the sill of the house. The top was not more than sixteen inches in diameter, but it gradually widened to three or four feet. The oxygen of the well was undoubtedly extracted by the fire. Under ordinary circumstances, the air might have become respirable in twenty-four hours; but the smallness of the aperture, and the heat in the well, as it was divided from the cellar by a column of stones only, sufficiently explain the fatal impurity and rarity of the atmosphere, at the time of their descent.

The well was eighteen feet deep, and contained but two feet of water. Frequent attempts were made to let down a candle, but the light was invariably extinguished, if it came within six feet of the water. The bodies were drawn up, by means of hooks, at ten o'clock in the evening.

Accidents of the above distressing nature, are not unfrequent; and they should teach every one, never to enter a well or vault, without previously letting down a lamp. If the air will support the flame, it is safe to follow; but if otherwise, death would be inevitable!

Mr. Wood was 52 years of age: Mr. Jones 36. Their untimely death is deeply deplored, not only by their bereaved families, but by all who knew them.—*Spy.*

**ARMY.**—On the morning of the 8th inst. the elegant and commodious dwelling-house of Col. Joseph Valentine of Hopkinton, with the wood-house and shed adjoining, were consumed by fire, with nearly all their contents. The loss exclusive of insurance is estimated at about \$8000. There is no doubt of its being the work of an incendiary. It was first discovered about three o'clock, and it spread so rapidly that some of the children were rescued with difficulty from the flames, by being taken out at the windows. The fire appeared to have been first kindled in some straw in the chamber of the shed. Col. Valentine was unwell at the time, and was, together with his wife, absent from home at the Springs, in a distant part of the town.

This is the third building destroyed by incendiaries in the same vicinity within a short time past. The other two were barns, one of which belonged to Col. Valentine.

Two persons, suspected of committing this diabolical act, have been arrested and examined, one of whom, a woman, has been committed to jail for trial, and the other is discharged.

**DISASTER.**—We have received the following statement, which we deem of sufficient importance to be laid before our readers, as many of our towns are deeply afflicted with this distressing malady: In village of this State, during the month of July, there were eleven cases of dysentery: the patients were attended by two physicians—six by one and five by the other. Of the first six the whole were cured; and the five of the second all died. The successful physician administered rhubarb and other mild diarrhoeics, applied brandy, or other spirit, mustard seed, &c. externally to the bowels, and kept the patient cool by a variety of applications. He who was unsuccessful pursued a contrary course, applying astringents internally, such as opium and other medicines calculated to produce heat to the body.—*N. H. Patriot.*

**New-Brunswick.**—The scarcity of water at St. John's, (New-Brunswick,) was, on the 20th ult. so great, that the most serious consequences were apprehended. The springs and wells were all dry. Prayers for rain were fervent, and serious appeals were made to Providence for rain.

In our last,  
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No. 4,  
Brownfield,  
Denmark,  
Porter,  
Berlin,  
Sweden,

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## THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1825.

The Court of Common Pleas for the County of Oxford, commenced its September Term on Tuesday last. Present, Justice WHITMAN; his charge to the Grand Jury was clothed in that elegance of language and purity of diction peculiar to him, and possessed that information necessary to guide and enlighten the jury in their arduous task. We understand the number of new entries are not so many at this, as at most of the previous Terms.

ISAAC H. CURTISS, Esq. was admitted as Attorney at said Court, the present term.

### VOTES FOR SENATORS.

	NEW	NEW	NEW	NEW	NEW
In our last,	16	252	411	301	261
Buckfield,	29		18	10	21
No. 4,	25	25	1	29	28*
Brownfield,	35	35			
Danmark,	108	50			
Porter,	40	40	7	7	55*
Berlin,	16				
Sweden,	41	14			27
	903	416	467	347	408

\* These votes were for Gen. James Steele.

INSPECTION AND REVIEW.—The 1st Regiment in the 1st Brig. under the command of Col. H. R. PARSONS, met on Monday last, for general review and inspection. The day was fine; and the troops, by their correctness in performing military evolutions, did honor to themselves and their respective officers. The Independent Companies attached to the Regiment evinced an improvement beyond the most sanguine expectation of their warmest friends; and with a little more spirit with regard to uniform, &c. in future, they would appear worthy of the name, 'Independent.' The appearance of the troops was somewhat odd, owing to dispensing with the use of powder, which formerly made a great noise without any real advantage.

DELL TIMES.—As our State Election has passed and the rage for office is little diminished, we hope it will not be deemed altogether impertinent, for us to just drop a few remarks upon the dull times, as they pass heavily along. Formerly in the midst of political excitement many a raw-boned ranting fellow, who had no qualification for the office he professed to espouse, except a real without knowledge, has been known to be promoted to office, and all his associates said amen. By-and-by the political wind changed, and away he was hurled into his former insignificance, and forgotten, or remembered only with taunts and bickerings at his former greatness; while another, as great his ignoramus as his predecessor was seated on the political throne. Thus while one party held the reins and endeavored to drive over or run down the other, and the other as busily employed in tripping the wheels and flinging obstacles in their way; some more cunning than the rest, would mount behind the dominant party, and by sleight of hand obtain the reins, and oust the former possessors. They did not stop to inquire whether those who held offices of trust or profit had discharged them with honor and fidelity, but every effort was made by those not in office to turn out the others indiscriminately, whether their conduct was good, bad or indifferent. But the times have now changed, changed indeed; for office-seekers now, (and they are not scarce,) have no such political juggle whereby to accomplish their views. The hue and cry may be raised by a few discontented factionists, but they cannot avail any thing among men of sound reason, and a man will now retain his office until the people are convinced that he is no longer qualified. Such being the case in our government, the uneasy and office hunting have found out a new mousing ground; incumbents are feared or frightened into a dereliction of their offices, or coaxed to resign in favor of a friend; a craven office-seeker spies some rat hole by which he strives to cast out the incumbent, and by the assistance of a few choice spirits endeavors to seat himself in his chair. It would be useless for us to try to point out the thousand artifices employed to accomplish the wonderful maneuver; some little informality is pointed out, some opinion in technical terms, or whether a different course would have been better, &c. &c., with many indirect hints, that Mr. A. B. or C. D. or some other great man would do much better to discharge the duties of the office held by such or such an one; and then you will hear the thousand pilates that the public are not better served; that the people are in duty bound to look to these things and have them corrected. From these small beginnings proceed louder grumblings and complaints. Petitions are forwarded to the Executive of United States Government, (as the case may be,) accompanied with exaggerated statements which perhaps elicit an inquiry from the proper department into the conduct of some petty officer, and finally all ends in smoke. But not in the least discouraged they renew the attack, and finally after a succession of such warnings the officer resigns, and the object is effected.—It is not unfrequently the case that there is as much manoeuvring and strategem employed to dislodge a man from some little office, the whole emolument of which is not worth a five dollar bill per annum as Talleyrand would use in effecting a French Revolution; and all for no other purpose but that B. might scratch the five dollar bill away from A. But so it is; buying and selling is the order of the day. If a man wants an office, (and almost every man does,) he immediately bargains with another, saying, 'if you will scratch my shoulder I will scratch your elbow,' or in other words, 'if you will assist me to obtain such an office, I will help you to that one.' So it goes; there is a set of political har-

pies, who are ever on the scent to hunt down their game, and when caught, they quarrel among themselves, and the division of the spoil is made at the point of the sword; and finally he who is most dexterous or has the most cunning, secures the prey.—It is to be lamented that there are not more offices, or less excellent candidates. It would be a good thing to have our State offices and officers like the company of militia in Rhode-Island having thirteen officers and one private, whom they trained all day, and at night made him a corporal; then we should all be pleased. But as things are at present, some will be dissatisfied, let others do as they will.

At the recent election in Minot for Representative, Willard H. Woodbury, Esq. was elected by a majority of one vote over Jacob Ull, Esq. It is said that the election of Mr. Woodbury will be contested, on the ground that one or more votes were carried for him by minors. As to the truth of the statement we are ignorant; but we are informed that Minot is not the only town in which votes were given by minors. Ought not this subject to be looked to?

CANALS.—We learn by the *Eastern Chronicle*, that Professor DEAN of the Gardiner Lyceum, proposes to make a tour with the Scholars of the First Class in that Institution to survey the proposed route of the long-talked-of "Cobbesecout Canal." There can be no doubt that a canal may be made so as to unite the waters of the Kennebec and Androscoggin at a very moderate expense; and also, that the advantages which would accrue therefrom would be great. We are pleased to learn a survey of the route is likely to be made, &c.; but we fear we shall have to make our trips to the Kennebec by land, for some years to come—as it takes money to make canals; and people in this State who have it, are not over anxious to convert it to the use of the public.

It is stated by the Editors of the *National Intelligencer*, that Gen. LAFAYETTE received upwards of four thousand letters from different places, during his stay in the United States, desiring his assistance in procuring pensions for some of the Soldiers of the Revolution. These letters he will probably answer immediately after his arrival in France; as the time he spent here was principally occupied in travelling and receiving the congratulations of the citizens of the different places he visited.

EARLY FROST.—On the 17th and 18th instant, there was hoar frost in the vicinity of Philadelphia. In Quebec there was ice an eighth of an inch thick on the morning of the 2d instant.

NEWS.—The celebrated Capt. Symmes is about to make a tour to the Eastern States for the purpose of giving lectures on his favorite hypothesis, 'that the earth is hollow.' There is no doubt he will have full houses, and make money; for the more absurd the theory, the more patronage a man gets.

DEDICATION.—The Meeting-house lately erected in East Livermore, by the Universalists, Methodists and other denominations of Christians, was, on the 8th inst. dedicated to the worship of God. An able and interesting discourse was delivered by Rev. George Bates; from St. John iv. 23—"But the hour is coming, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him." Rev. Mr. ATWELL and Rev. Mr. HAYES were present, and took part in the services. The Music was excellent; and the performances throughout were solemn, appropriate, and impressive; manifesting a spirit of liberality and benevolence that does honor to the Christian profession.

The following Hymn composed by FRANCIS F. HAINS, Esq. was sung on the occasion:

1. O, GOD! to Thee, fair would we bring  
A grateful tribute—while we sing  
Thy heav'nly love and wondrous grace  
That gives our souls a RESTING-PLACE:-
2. May constant FAITH our souls inspire,  
And work wake up the holy fire,—  
May CHARITY, fair Maid of Light,  
Dispel Contentions' gloomy night.
3. Help us to worship in Thy fear—  
To tread Thy courts with reverence here;  
Unite us in the bands of love,  
On earth to meet—to reign above.
4. This house is rear'd for pray'r and praise;  
O, meet us here, ANCIENT OF DAYS—  
And sanctify this earthly place  
With special show'r's of heav'nly grace;—
5. Help us to Thee, thou Good and Great,  
Ourselves and house to dedicate;  
May ZION'S HERALDS here proclaim  
The SAVIOR'S love—the SAVIOR'S name.
6. Here from our minds be earth withdrawn,  
Let noise and vanity be gone;  
May we enjoy that sweet repose,  
Which none but he that feels it, knows.

The following Hymn, composed by Rev. ALVIN DINSMORE, was also sung:

1. Oh! King of Heaven, whose boundless sway  
Infinite worlds and realms obey!  
While angels bow before Thy throne,  
And all Thy matchless glories own;—
2. To Thee thy children, by Their blest,  
Have rear'd this house of heav'nly rest:  
Hero may Thy love our hearts inspire,  
And warm our souls with holy fire.
3. Hero may Thy glory be display'd,  
In light of Heaven, without a shade;  
To call from earth the mind away,  
While here we sing and praise and pray."
4. May virtue here her charms unfold,  
More brilliant than the purest gold;  
More pleasing to th' enrapt'rd mind,  
Than all the joys of earthly kind.
5. May Charity like dew distill—  
With harmony each bosom fill;  
Oh! may this grace which never dies,  
Unite all hearts in lasting ties.
6. Oh! may Thy truth, with power divine,  
Live in our hearts—and glow, and shine;  
Till from this earth we pass away,  
To bright ANODES OF ENDLESS DAY.

### MAINE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of this Society held at Brunswick the day preceding Commencement, the following officers were chosen:

Dr. ABEL MANZ, of Hallowell, President;  
Samuel Emerson, of Kennebunk, 1st V. President;  
Issachar Snell, of Winthrop, 2d V. President;  
James McKean, of Topsham, Corresponding Sec.;  
Benjamin D. Bartlett, of Bath, Rec. Secretary;  
Censors.—Samuel Emerson, Issachar Snell, Isaac Little, and Caleb Emery.

### COUNSELLORS.

Lincoln County, Lot Myrick, Nobleboro';  
Moses Shaw, Wiscasset, Th. H. Merrill, Boothbay.

Cumberland, Stephen Cummings, Portland,  
John A. Hyde, Freeport, Peter Whitney, Gray.

York, Joseph Gilman, Wells, Burley Smart, Kennebunkport,

Kennebec, Moses Sweat, Parsonsfield, Peleg Benson, Winthrop, Wm. Payson, Vassalboro', John Parker, Wilton.

Oxford, Cornelius Holland, Canton, Samuel Small, Jay, Oliver Griswold, Fryeburg.

Somerset, James Bowen, Bloomfield, James Bates, Norridgewock.

Hancock, Joseph L. Stephens, Castine, Josiah Prescott, Belfast.

Penobscot, Gilman G. Burley, Dexter.

Washington, Samuel Ayer, Lubec.

### CHEAPER THAN EVER!

#### A S A B A R T O N , A G E N T .

BEING about to alter his line of business, will sell the residue of the GOODS which he has now on hand at cost, and some articles even less if applied for immediately.

#### THE STOCK CONSISTS OF—

Shirtings—Gingham—Check—Yarns—Threads—Calicoes—Muslins—Dimities—Irish Linens—British Shirtings—Caroline Plaids—Silk, Valencia, and other Vestings—Bonnettoes—Jeans—Nankin—Red, Green and Yellow Flannels—Ladies' Worsted and Cotton Hose—Handkerchiefs—Berkly, White and Fancy Cravats—Gentlemen's and Ladies' Gloves—Laces—lace-servings—Ruffs—Swiss Muslin, and Morino Points.

#### —A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF—

Ribbons—Zecilias and Fancy Handkerchiefs—Tapes—Floss, Changeable and other Silks—Crape Dresses—Canton Crape—Gauze Veil—Black Silk Lace—Quality Bindings—French Braids—Pocket Books—Ladies' Wallets—Memorandum Books—Purses—Clasps—Scissors—Fan and Jack Knives—Razors—Table and Tea Spoons—Carving Knives and Forks—Block Tin Pots—Pocket Looking Glasses—Buttons, &c. &c.

#### Be Particular.

ALL persons indebted to the *Oxford Bookstore*, either by Note or Account, (whose term of credit has expired,) for Goods or Books, are requested to make immediate payment—as all demands of this description must be closed without delay.

Paris, Sept. 15th.

### PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

SYLVESTER JONES,

late of Turner, in the County of Oxford, Gentleman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

BARNUM JONES.

Turner, Sept. 16, 1825.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

DAVID SESSIONS,

late of Andover-surplus, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

JOHN MERRILL.

Bethel, Sept. 13, 1825.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

DAVID McWAIN,

late of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

DAVID McWAIN.

Waterford, Aug. 2, 1825.

At a Court of Probate held at Livermore, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

SALLY THOMAS, of Hartford, named Executrix in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of NATHANIEL THOMAS, late of Hartford, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said SALLY THOMAS give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed, as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

COPY, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

64\*

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

ABRAHAM HOWLAND and LYDIA HOWLAND, his wife, (and heirs of Jacob Kidder, late of Dixfield, deceased,) in said County, respectfully represent that he is seized as an heir with others, to them unknown, in the real estate whereof JACOB KIDDER, late of Dixfield, in said County, Yeoman, died seized and possessed; that his portion of the same is in Cony, which he is desirous of holding and possessing in severalty. He therefore prays, that your Honor would grant a warrant to suitable persons, authorizing them to make a division of said estate, and set off to each heir his proportion in the same.

Dated this fourteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

ABRAHAM HOWLAND,  
LYDIA HOWLAND.

At a Court of Probate held at Dixfield, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

Upon the foregoing petition, ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of said petition with this order thereto to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, on the second Tuesday of October next, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy of the Petition and Order thereon.

Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

64\*

### COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers, appointed Commissioners, by the Honorable BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of EPHRAIM LINDSAY, late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice to all concerned, that we shall attend to the aforesaid service the last Saturdays of October and December next, at the House of Capt. PHILIP FARNERSON, in Fryeburg, from ten o'clock A. M. to six o'clock P. M. on said days.

EBEN FUSSNERDEN, Jr., Commissioner.

THOMAS DAY, Commissioner.

Fryeburg

## SCOTTISH.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

### COMPARISON.

You are like, Mr. Editor—like, let me think—  
You are like to the man that sells victuals and drink;  
Once a week to such people as please them to call,  
And has only one board to accommodate all.

Your stanch, honest Yeoman will seldom refuse,  
The plain beef and pudding of every-day news;  
He's the just one to care how the dishes are set,  
If they only contain what is whole to eat.  
Of pick-nails and sweetmeats he'll soon have enough,  
Your romancing stories—your poetry stuff;  
But give him good *dough-nuts*, and every-day pies,  
And he'll eat them, and laugh till there's tears in his eyes.

The well-dress'd pretender to learning and taste,  
Will expect every thing in the best order plac'd,  
Every knife, every fork, must be marshal'd by rule,  
Even though while it's doing the dinner should cool.  
Almonds, fricasées, they will suit to a titl,  
It's only done nice he will crave but a little.  
A quotation from Shakespeare, a few Latin phrases,  
if selected with care, will insure you his praises.

Politicians have appetites wonderful keen,  
They'll find meat upon spare-ribs pick'd ever so clean;  
They'll devour the last crust of the fam'd tariff bill,  
Swallow caucuses whole, and be hungrier still;  
Though they'd starve upon dainties cook'd ever so nice,  
If they failed to be tang'd with political spice.

Your lover of news must have every thing fresh,  
Not a bill will he eat of salt meat, or salt fish;  
He'll not relish your hash'd meat, a day or two old;  
But would scorn a nest's tongue if it chanc'd ever so cold.

He will long for your chickens ere out of the shell,  
And hardly allow your poor pea-pods to fill.  
So far from the market, though willing to suit,  
"Twill hardly be possible always to do't.

Some will save their plates clean till you dish out  
your pies—  
A song, or short story, who marries or dies;  
While others will like a black pudding the best,  
Dreadful accidents, murders, and stories unblest,  
About witchcraft and wagery, sea-serpents, and creatures.

With bodies like fishes, and woman-like features.  
Some will turn up their noses at all you can give them;

They'd be thought wond'rous dainty, but never be lieve them.

Take note of such people, whenever they come;  
'Tis a chance if they have a potatoe at home.

Candour scorning all rules that were ever invented,  
All books upon cookery, that ever were printed,  
Will not stop to inquire, if he likes what he eats,  
If 'twas grown at the Southward, or sprung in your streets;

Fit will dare to praise what shall please him the best,  
Whatever 'tis call'd, or however 'tis dress'd.

SIMILE.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

The airy morning breathed perfume;  
The opening flowers unvill'd their bloom;  
Up with the sun from short repose,  
Young beauty chearfully arose.

The milk-maid sang a merry tale;  
The plough-boy whistled o'er the date;  
The cheerful lark sung on the spray,  
To welcome the returning day.

He with a joyous heart serene,  
To view the lovely morning scene,  
Set forth to walk th' adjoining grove,  
Whose playful beauty loves to rove.

Fell blooming health his cheeks disclose,  
Gay as the blooming, blushing rose;  
His voice all jollity and mirth,  
As thus he walk'd the dewy earth.

But ah! how frail are all things here!  
Tender, alas, the cord so dear,  
Which holds all kindreds from the grave,  
From which no earthly arm can save;—

The rising sun roll'd up the sky,  
But still he staid, they knew not why;  
The day declined, 'twas almost night;  
But still n. Henry cheer'd their sight.

His friends and neighbors feel alarm,  
They fear he's n't in his fatal harm;  
They scan the wood with eager eye,  
But none hits his eye could destroy.

Van would have thought the youth so dear,  
Hid to his end at prowl'd so near?  
Ist this was, and of his late  
Are known no tellings to relate.

LDWIN.

VICTORY.

AFFLICTING CIRCUMSTANCE.

Between William Kelly and Helena Hender son a tender attachment had subsisted for years. Both resided in the Parish of Urr, and little anticipating the calamity that followed, they, with joyous hearts, fixed their wedding-day for Friday week, 12th ult. A number of friends were invited, and the ceremony was to be performed at Maikle Dalbeattie's. On the Thursday preceding, she became suddenly indisposed, and on some one asking her to lie down a little, touchingly replied, "Yes; but it must be in a soft place, for oh! I feel as if I would never rise again." In the course of the day, she became worse, and a doctor having been sent for, he declared the complaint to be of a serious nature, and indicated from the first his fears as to the issue. Next morning the wedding-party began to assemble; the worthy clergyman also arrived; and then, alas! the lounge of joy was unexpectedly turned into the house of mourning. The unhappy bride, whose sands of life were well nigh run, was humanely made aware of her situation; the heart-broken bridegroom was also warned that death was in the cup; and amidst the tears and sobs of all present, they were mutually interrogated whether, under such an awful dispensation of Providence, the proposed ceremony should proceed or be delayed. A question so trying, was perhaps, never put under similar circumstances; and after communing with their own hearts, the bride expressed a wish to close her eyes as an affectionate wife,

the bridegroom to discharge the duty of a sorrowing widower, by laying the head of his beloved about love, friendship and eternal constancy in the grave. This resolution added fuel to the agony of the scene; the mournful party approached the couch of the dying woman; the divine favor was most pathetically invoked amidst many interruptions from hearts that seemed ready to burst from the bosoms they agitated; the bridegroom grasped the burning hand that was languidly extended in token of assent; the worthy clergyman pronounced a blessing, and in faltering accents made those one, whom, in less than twelve hours, death had severed and sundered forever. We cannot dwell on what followed. The eyes that affection had for a moment lighted, gradually waxed glazed and dim; the bridegroom bed became the couch of death, and she, who, but a day or two before, had been rejoicing in the prospect of conjugal felicity, was stretched a lifeless, but lovely corpse, before many of the wedding party had resolution to tear themselves from a scene so distressing.

Dumfries Courier.

### COTOPAXI.

This mountain is one of the loftiest of those volcanoes of the Andes, which at recent epochs have undergone eruptions. Notwithstanding it lies near the equator, its summits are covered with perpetual snows. The absolute height of Cotopaxi is 18,876 feet, or three miles and a half, consequently it is 2,622 feet, or half a mile higher than Vesuvius would be, were it mountain placed on the top of the peak of Tenerife! Cotopaxi is the most mischievous of the volcanoes in the kingdom of Quito; and its explosions the most frequent and disastrous.

The masses of scoria, and the pieces of rock thrown out of this volcano, cover a surface of several square leagues, and would form, were they heaped together, a prodigious mountain. In 1738, the flames of Cotopaxi rose to 3000 feet, or upwards of a half mile, above the brink of the crater. In 1744, the roarings of this volcano were heard at the distance of 600 miles!

On the 4th of April, 1760, the quantity of ash ejected at the mouth of Cotopaxi was so great, that it was dark till three in the afternoon.

The explosion which took place in 1803, was preceded by the sudden melting of the snows which covered the mountain. For 20 years before, no smoke or vapor, that could be perceived, had issued from the crater; but in a single night, the subterraneous fires became so active, that at sunrise the external walls of the cone, heated to a very considerable degree of temperature, appeared naked, and the dark color which is peculiar to vitrified scoria. At the port of Guayaquil, "observes Humboldt,"

fifty-two leagues distant in a straight line from the crater, we heard, day and night, the noise of the volcano like the discharges of a battery! and we distinguished these tremendous sounds even on the Pacific Ocean!!

The form of Cotopaxi is the most beautiful and regular of the colossal summits of the high Andes. It is a perfect cone, which, covered with a perpetual layer of snow, shines with dazzling splendor at the setting of the sun, and detaches itself in the most picturesque manner from the azure vault above. This covering of the snow conceals from the eye of the observer, even the smallest inequalities of the soil; no point of rock, no stony mass, penetrating this coat of ice, or breaking the regularity of the figure of the cone.

### HABIT.

Will reconcile us to every thing but change, and even to change, if it recur not too quickly. Milton, therefore, makes his hell an ice-house, as well as an oven, and freezes his devils, at one period, but bakes them at another. The late Sir George Staunton informed me, that he had visited a man in India, who had committed a murder, and, in order not only to save his own life, but, what was of much more consequence, his caste, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was, that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead, without any matras, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but more calloused; at that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his "bed of thorns," and remarked, that, at the expiration of the term of his sentence, he should, most probably, continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

From the Vermont Watchman.

### "SHE WON'T STAY COURTED."

"Why don't you pay attention to some of the pretty girls who look so invitingly as though they would almost ask for a beau?" says an old gentleman to his nephew, who was already on the wrong side of thirty.

"Why, uncle," replies the nephew, "you know that I always loved the girls; and that in other years I courted some half a dozen of them in succession. But while I was seriously engaged in making preparations for marriage, they were as seriously looking out for another spark. It did no good, they *wouldn't stay courted*."

"Ah, Bill," exclaims a successful candidate at the altar of Hymen, "you always remind me of the 'odd half of a pair of scissors.' You have grown old and torpid by pressing the cold bed of celibacy so long. Spruce up and take a wife, and done with it."

"Rot 'em," retorts Bill, "you want to have me jilted again, I suppose. I han't forgot the affair with Dorsamine Amelia Amanda Street-yarn; it is impossible to imagine what a loving time it was, that snug bit of a courtship I had with her. Amanda sighed so languidly,

sung so lovingly to me, and talked so sentimentally about love, friendship and eternal constancy in the grave. This resolution added fuel to the agony of the scene; the mournful party approached the couch of the dying woman; the divine favor was most pathetically invoked amidst many interruptions from hearts that seemed ready to burst from the bosoms they agitated; the bridegroom grasped the burning hand that was languidly extended in token of assent; the worthy clergyman pronounced a blessing, and in faltering accents made those one, whom, in less than twelve hours, death had severed and sundered forever. We cannot dwell on what followed. The eyes that affection had for a moment lighted, gradually waxed glazed and dim; the bridegroom bed became the couch of death, and she, who, but a day or two before, had been rejoicing in the prospect of conjugal felicity, was stretched a lifeless, but lovely corpse, before many of the wedding party had resolution to tear themselves from a scene so distressing.

"Report goes, Jack, that you've put somebody's nose out of joint," whispers one crony to another, in a very confidential way, "but that's *inter nos*. Now I advise you to strike when the iron is hot.—Remember!—Once, she *did* stay courted."

"Is this true?" soliloquises my friend with the martial air and wide ruffle, "then it stands me in hand to look out, else my Dulcenia will slip through my fingers. For though I throw myself in her way as often as convenient—follow hard after her in the meeting-house, yet it is possible she may not stay courted, for all that."

"Ladies, it is even so! Cases for "Breach of Promise," have become very fashionable with your sex. Supposing the fashions should alter, and young men should take it into their heads to sue the ladies, what would be the consequence?" "Why I should have business enough," exclaims a lawyer, the specific gravity of whose purse would never hinder him from flying away in a high gale. You.

[We copy the following toasts from the *Edenton (N.C.) Gazette*. The editor observes, that they "are not without their point," and he seems to think them "decidedly superior to those of their sable brethren of the North." Two of them we are aware will not exactly suit our political friends, in this State; but they contain too much real wit to be, for that reason, omitted.—*Hudson Gazette*.]

1. President of de Unites Tates—Hold fast, Massa Johnby while you got 'em: bird in 'e hand wos two in 'e bush—Don't you let de lekshun go back to de peoples.

Song—Ha, ha, ha, Yankee know nut for dat.

2. Sekretary ub State—Sarten Massa Clay you shuffle de card for some purpose dis time well, 'tis no use, white folks is mighty cunnin—I hab seen pipe made ob Clay—pot made ob Clay—jug made ob Clay—but neber since I bin born did I see Sekretary made ob Clay before.

Song—O Kaintuckee huntsman live pun sweet potatur.

For he's hab un horse, un hab allegator.

3. General Jackson—Mine yourselves boys, kover your ears, un look sharp—he kum agin before long—you don't forget how he fought in de house, un out de house—war or peace, he fight like man, he fought to kill, un he no fool at ritng nudder.

Song—Old Hickory foreber, he take de first heat yet.

4. De Georgy Gubbenor, Massa Troup—He hell for Injuns, he debbil for niggurs—He mad so like fool wid Uncle Sam, spit in his face, kick 'im behind, kurse 'im before—mine yourself boy, you wake some ob dese mornins wid rope round your neck.

Song—Too much larin make he mad!

5. Nort Karolina—Poor feller, you neber do much I feard. White man hab one poor negur, he set pun de fence in de shade, for see him negur work but no work herself—Hab too much brandy, too much whisky at de lekshuns—all talk, all noise, no work. I most sick wait for better times.

Song—O, Lord! I wish I had't kum here,

If I neber had a kum here,

I neber should ha' bin here.

6. Massa Krawford un de kaukus mans—

You thought you was goin to ketch de weazles

all asleep, hey! but top a bit, you knock your

head 'gainst de post, un down you cum.

Song—We got de possum up a gun tree.

7. Massa Capt. Porter—He too hot, he too hot: he must be kool some how or udder—Gib him kipple fine ship, and send him to de Nort Pole, to hunt for Captain Symmes's hole 'mong de ice, I bound him keep kool dare.

Song—In de battle heat,

Den Porter hard to beat.

8. De Navy—Top him now Uncle Sam; don't go too fur, too many ships play de debbil biime by,—keep de men pun de laud for hoe corn.

Song—Mind John Cunnoe how you go,

Press-gang kum, I told you so.

9. Gubner Clinton—Dats de man arter all;

he wot forcie million Georgy Gubner.

Song—Haile to de chie who wid trumpet advances.

10. Party Sperrit—De old one most dead I tink—worse one kumin, I feard—Watch out, Uncle Sam; hang de first regue—black or white, Guberneur or cobbler, who talks about takin up arms for brake de Union: him do no wrong arter dat, and dat will make him friens look afore dey jump.

Song—Hail Columbia! happy land!

God make um all. Bukra man lob um too, else you

no see sich heaps of mulatoss all froo de States.

Song—O, my bonny Bet; sweet blossom.

12. Poor ole Identon—Nolten flourish here now, but nigga chillums and Mettedis meetin house!—wid all de preech an all de nigga chillums, I no see de fokes get any better.

Aiter dat, kumpany all go home in peace and harmony.

Pleas put dis in your paper, Massa Willis to blige poor ole koller man, on de

next time I kill him fat beef in de marsh, you hab good big piece, pend 'pon it.

DAVE ONENTOUN.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE.

WILL be sold by order of the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Saturday the tenth day of December next, at the Inn of JANE COFFIN, in Porter, at ten of the clock, A. M., all the Real Estate which JAMES COFFIN, late of Porter aforesaid, Esq. died seized and possessed in said Porter, JANE COFFIN.

Porter, Sept. 17, 1825.

## ASA BARTON,

AGENT,

AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE,  
TESTAMENTS, Watt's, Winchell's, Colby's,  
Smith & Jones', and Springer's HYMN BOOKS.

—ALSO—

Life of James Otis—Tircher's Journal of the American Revolution—Morse's Annals of the Revolution—Works of the late Robert Treat Paine—Porter's Journal in the Pacific Ocean—Chateaubriand's Recollections—Humboldt's History of New Spain—Brackenridge's History of South America—Park's Journal—History of Maine—Ecclesiastical Sketches of Maine—Hobhouse's Travels in Albania—Tonga Islands—Johnson's History of America—Johnson's Travels, &c. &c.

—ALIKE—

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